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ANTHOLOGY

SHORT

#STORIES

#AUTOPOIETICS

**"*CREATIVE* #WRITING AS ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT *MEAN* OF
#COMMUNICATION GIVES SPACE FOR #IMAGINATION #EMBODIED IN THE
#CRAFT OF #LANGUAGE USAGE. LET'S RE-READ TOGETHER. LET'S BE
#INSPIRED *FOREVER*..."** - from Re-READ to Re-WRITE and then WRITE

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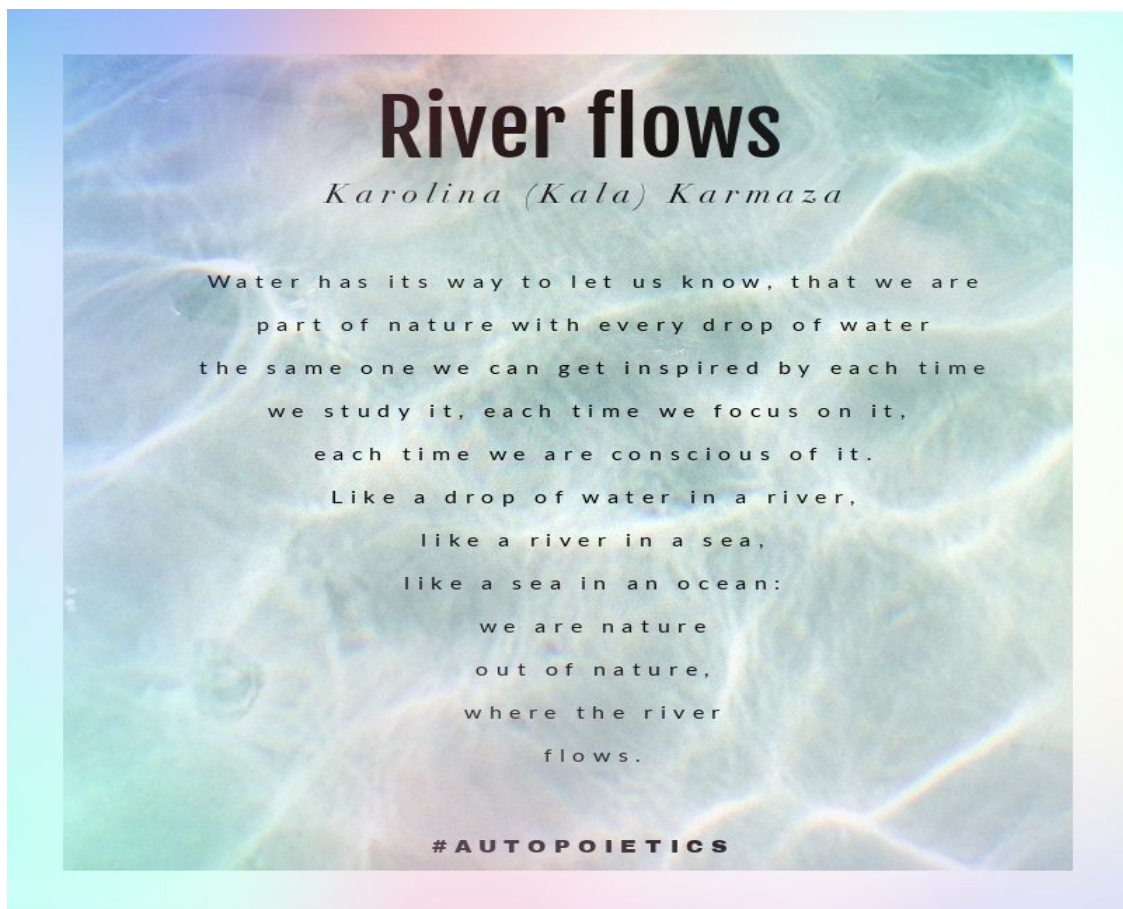
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"NEW WRITING"

BY KAROLINA (KALA) KARMAZA

Streets reminded plausible, especially in the early afternoon gentle rain – something that inspire fresh thinking in the old city of London. Walking along the River Thames was nothing new, and yet dynamic passer-by's breaths sounded a bit too exhausted. Pro-healthy runners, children with grandparents who retired just in time to enjoy their family, as well as those who didn't match at all to the busy landscape happened to interrelate perfectly together. Londoners suggesting "never mind" attitude and "pro-nonsense" individuals still existed. Squirrels not afraid of fizzy drink drinkers, fish and chips eaters, and seagulls fighting for scraps of food – all still there, getting more and more soaked. Southbank theatre goers getting ready for the next play, immersed in their mobile phones, making business without noticing magical tingling on the surface of the River.



- I am your biggest fan – said an old chap while his grandchild was circling around the bench playing with her newest technology, not being bothered by the weather.
- I won! I won! Grandpa, I am the winner! - shouted little girl. Squirrels stopped munching seeds sprinkled by the nearby trees and froze for a moment.
- I'm sorry, I didn't hear you, what is it about? - theatre director noticed, that battery in his phone is almost dead. He slipped his mobile into a well-worn out suit, carefully dry-cleaned, and directed his confident look towards talking blob, reminded human or a tree – forgetting "walking glasses" was his speciality.
- Sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you, I was just thinking, that you are this great director I used to talk to regularly, but now I see, that I have made a mistake, my apology.
- Oh, not at all my friend, I am more than happy to have a chat if you need to talk to someone. Is there something I could help you with? In the end, I am sitting at the front of the National Theatre, reading manuscript of a new play, digital, but what can I say, we are in the new these days, aren't we? Mr Frank Binary made a well grounded suggestion, and the old chap smiled with honesty.
- Well, thank you Mr?
- My name is Frank, let's be informal, as I do expect some further success in life, and spreading my surname all over the place at this moment of my life is not necessary, if you don't mind off course.
- No, not at all, please to meet you Frank, I'm James.
- Great, so James, what plays do you like to watch? I mean, there are some nice ones these days, and let's not deny modernity of the current theatre scene.
- To be frank, Frank, mind me asking straight away, have you ever had any special treatment regarding your intelligence? My wife once told me about a man from the theatre who was continuously bothered by people who didn't like what he was working on. From my point of view anyone has something to say, and those stories should never be ignored, especially in your profession. Have you had any problem of that sort?
- OK, I see James, let me then tell you a story, I do have half an hour, so please do not take it personally when I will stand up and walk away at the very end, as I am expecting a very important phone call from the theatre people. However, I am happy that you have asked me this question, who knows, maybe we both will learn something new about ourselves, in the end.

Mr Frank Binary looked upon James's hat, spotting his granddaughter sitting quietly under the tree feeding the squirrel. His sight wasn't too bad when realizing true values. The rain stopped. Street by the River Thames filled with more and more people, rushing in and out of buildings in search for the best spot to eat, drink, chatting along, or simply browsing through their technology. Laptops, mobiles, cameras, all clicking, blipping, mashing up with words, sighs, crunching sounds of green salads, and stomach rumblings – some enjoyment, taking over people's senses to the point of natural synchronization of human features, so much deniable when it comes to innovative dehumanizing humane spirit. Mr Frank Binary and James sat on the bench abandoned by the child.

Three years ago I was standing at the London train station on my way to Brighton. My career was thriving, I did not have to bother about finances too much, even my dog was very nice to the cats I was secretly feeding in the back garden – all was enter-twined with the good fortune, as they say. My dreams suffered a little, because I still hadn't found true love, as it was not so important at the time. Now I see clearly, that my "control freak" attitude towards reality was wrong. Charring Cross was packed, and I was trying to imagine how it will be like to travel from King's Cross International later on, knowing, that I was already late for my rehearsal with the new group of actors. As I was planning ahead, I noticed something that frightened me: a man holding a baby chained to him by a tiny wrist. They looked like beggars, but these days you can never be entirely certain. The man spotted my frightened look and immediately rushed towards me. I kept standing, frozen and with no clue how to react – my body was not mine - and all of the sudden I found myself gasping stuffy air greedily.

– Kind man – he begun with tired grin on his face – my daughter is hungry, look, bones, I must tie her to my hand to stop her stealing food. Please, give us little money. I don't steal.

I felt sorry for the man, his brown face was distinguishing his bright blue eyes. His hands so bony I couldn't imagine how he had ever been able to eat with knife and fork and not getting into trouble at his mother's table. I looked at the baby girl and felt responsible for the entire humanity.

- I am very sorry for you and your family member, but I do not have any change on me, I'm afraid. The minute I said it, I felt the trouble maker behind me touching my back pocket. I let him steal my wallet and for the first time in my life I felt corrupted.
- No problem my friend, no problem – the man disappeared the minute my pocket felt empty. I didn't look back, no one objected, probably nobody saw the problem.
- Is there any problems Sir? - Metropolitan Police Officer brought me back to London reality – you are leaning on my back.
- I am sorry, I didn't mean to be offensive. My personal space suffered just moments ago, as some "Pakistani" with a child on his hand robbed me off dignity and my wallet!
- Why so racist, Mr? - could you please calm dawn and tell me once again, but without unnecessary emotions, what happened please? - the Police Officer stood right at the front of me, in the same time checking his own documents and probably trying to find a pen.
- I am Frank Binary and I did not do anything to encourage the man to challenge me in the "social game".
- What "social game"? I am very sorry, but could you please be more specific?

I was standing there for more than an hour trying to explain myself over and over again, bringing in new details, that from today's perspective didn't have any sense, nor social notion back then. I was so lost in this unexpected disturbance of my reality, that to my surprise even the Metropolitan Police Officer decided to advise me to get myself sorted. I didn't realize at that moment why even the Police didn't understand my situation. I probably expected too much from the Justice System of my own country. I admit, I didn't understand my own fears. Short after the incident, I got on the train to Brighton with the sense of unfulfilled responsibility mixed with my own ignorance, and probably not enough courage to face the situation. I kept asking myself: "What I did wrong?", going through scenario after scenario. I let it happen. But what about the man with the brown face? I never blamed the girl.

- I am sorry to interrupt you Frank, but my wife is expecting me in 10 minutes, besides half an hour went so quickly, we are in the nearly 45 minutes now ... - James didn't know how to make his way out of this monologue, that he truly did not like. His wrinkled forehead stopped rising

and his pearly white teeth begun to form a gentle smile, inviting Mr Frank Binary back into his own reality. James wasn't racist and begun to feel uncomfortable in this ambivalent situation.

– Oh, really, Good God, time flies, honestly ...

Mr Frank Binary felt more than inspired to not to bother with the rest of what he wanted to say.

Perhaps he somehow knew that open minded language usage is still shocking, even in modern London. Squirrels were gone. The grandchild was standing with her head in the London afternoon sky, watching red balloon escaping the National Theatre window. She smiled, just at the moment James stood by her. Their hands not in their pockets, yet with a lot to do in the future.

ON ITS WAY

BY KAROLINA (KALA) KARMAZA

My mobile switched itself off with a cheerful beep. Windows opened suddenly, as if there was a notion to be noticed, as part of the "morning dew routine" – nothing too fancy, just right for the perfect match, radio style, along with winter birds tale on the telly. It was indeed a fine morning, and no, there was no one around to believe it was a different day, a different story, something that has a way of generating new ideas. Moment after moment the atmosphere grew systematically without any interruptions of any new sounds. Birds were singing the old well known song, mist was gently unfolding above the silent and freshly cut lawn grass, the Sun warming up first leaves of an old maple tree – all synchronized in harmony. It was almost the end of the winter.

– Do you think we're going to have some new squirrels in the back garden this spring? - an old happy smile arrived spontaneously on Kala's face.

- I miss them all, do you?

– Dan didn't say anything at all, but smiled gladly. His eyes were pointing to the Tree where squirrels used to gather – I hope we will – said after a few moments of reflection, in the same time looking back at Kala standing by the window.

– Maybe we could do something together today? The weather is perfect – she walked to the spacious wardrobe, and before Dan realized what she was up to, she popped out of it with an outdoor hat sliding down from her freshly washed hair - Maybe **Freshfield**?

– Maybe it is a very good idea – Dan's face brightened up with this nice thought. - Why not to take a map and explore the area around? The last time we went to Freshfield there was one red squirrel, do you remember?

– I do remember – Kala begun packing straight away, besides the wardrobe was just right next to her positive nose – I must have a photo of her somewhere in the pile of all the photographs I still would like to go through one day. She spotted retro box, the same one she has been traveling with since joining in National Geographic Photography Group – I knew I will make a story about their communication in pictures, and this is exactly what the giant grey squirrels will miss – she laughed cunningly, and then sat full of beans with the open box in her hands.

Dan knew, that the joking time is nearly over, and the squirrel theme will make it either to the Springer Nature or the New York Times Nature with creative additional content and all National Geographic Inside Story ready to be shared on every possible social media.

– How do you know it was her, not him? - Dan laughed – Did the squirrel introduce itself?

– Veeeery funny, honestly, you think you are so clever, don't you? - within moments Kala was standing by Dan, who was trying on his old rucksack – There you go – she supported his arm while he was putting on a backpack strip, and then she kissed him right onto his very clever nose – right on the very top of the tip!

– I must say, she added with a calm, and very in love tone of voice, there is magic in the way you smile with the depth of your gaze. I can see your commitment, and I love the way you mean it.

They were packing for a while, and each one of them didn't need to bother the other with any unnecessary moaning that sometimes can be heard during such an activity. They knew each other well, but they never predicted, that one day they will be so synchronized, that even squirrels will let them get away with their tourist's cheekiness. Beyond mundane reality, moments of almost metaphysic phenomenology were making points in time with their laughter, with their gazes, with all the words spoken and silently understood. Straight from the mindful heart, as you could

guess, they were right in the beginning and in the end, as the present was unfolding at the front of their eyes. It is funny how simplicity of the communication makes us realize about the nature of our belonging, and each belonging consisted in timeless experiences lets us live through the unexpected, and yet so "ours". They enjoyed their meta-transit of silent knowing, and it was all what they decided to daydream about during their trip to the forest by the sea.

* * *

The Sun was warm, as the shore of the sea was lining up with puffy clouds. In the scentful horizon, full of salty waves and colorful photons glittering on every single drop of the sea, they were walking with joy in their hearts. Some think, that moments of metaphysical cognition make phenomenology more interesting only when they have the mind to reason the moment. Some others feel, that ontology means all the semiotics of the source code in logics – did Brentano have it all figured out for them already in times of Husserlian renaissance?

- Do you feel the rain? Look at the clouds, it's coming, wow ... - she gasped with excitement.
- Rain is life... – they whispered and smiled at each other.

Before the storm begun they managed to get back to their van. The inside was warm and comfortable. Warm lights, soft air, cozy transparency of all shades of their thoughts. Their minds were shining as they were giggling with child-like transparency. Happiness, they say, is something that happens somewhere else, but not where we can notice it. Did Roman Ingarden sense the invisible world in his argument in the ethics of the ontology of the existence of the cognizing world?

- What if we were not able to see the world as it is for ourselves, but always in the opposite?
 - Do you mean Martin Buber like, or more Jurgen Habermas?
- More like Roman Ingarden. I mean, as we see the world existing through our own minds, that constitutes reality, full of perceived and cognized content, representation free, and yet morally embedded in our own metaphysics of thinking. When the reason corresponds with its meaningful content, and the mind creates sense through individual perception of the world,

there the ideal translates the "humane-humanum" to its full potential.

– I feel your thinking, but I cannot see the meaning yet – let's explore the storm as it is there to be lived through right now.

They sat head by head in silence, disturbed from time to time by sounds of thunderstorm. Rain was getting weaker each time the new thunder was highlighting its rainy sky. It looked as if Tesla's dreams were being painted once again in the knowing minds of everyone who cares about knowledge.

– Have you seen it? She said with happy giggle.

– Yes, all the way though – Dan kissed her in her forehead – and I see it all in your look too.

– I'm happy to make sense with you – she smiled and hold Dan by his hand.

– Me too – he put his head on her shoulder with the most calm sigh she has ever heard.

They were watching themselves living through the storm together, not like Nomads anymore, and yet very autonomic in their phenomenology of co-existence, in this context of knowing each other more than well. Silence is shared each time when it makes sense in the moment of common participatory cognition of the self in each other's embodied mind's experience. Embodiment of this feeling makes it real for the senses to be consciously understood of every neuro-contracted emotion. After almost an hour the rain stopped. She looked at the table covered with notes gathered during writing the latest chapter of her new scientific book. At the very top of the pile there was a green book with note attached to its soft cover saying:

"Feelings are the mental representation that aims at prompting, directly or indirectly, the sort of physiological states that secure not just survival but survival regulated into the range that we, conscious and thinking creatures, identifying in well-being". - H.N.Frijda.

– Are you hungry? – she noticed, that time went so quickly as they were daydreaming together, and now their embodied minds crave some fuel to not only survive, but to prosper well.

– You know what, I am – she nodded with confidence – do we still have some salmon?

– I think we do – she stood by the camping fridge filled with their favorite food: salmon rapped

in fresh lime leaves, noodles with chicken – home made, roasted tomatoes, vegetables packed with no air, milk, fresh fruit and sauce to be mixed with appetizers of different tastes.

– I baked the bread – He stood by Her with round full grain loaf - it's not warm anymore, but still full of flavor.

– She smelled the loaf and winked to Dan saying – I have a feeling that my well-being is not going to suffer during today's supper.

– Thank you – He said – I'm glad that you like it.

– I love it – Kala kissed the bread and then winked at Dan smiling back at her.

They sat at the table with hearts glowing with shared moments of happiness. Some think, that unconditional love is only something to do with motherhood or fatherhood. But what about love that we feel with another human being, that makes us real in the moment and with no bloodline link?

"BE DONE"

KAROLINA (KALA) KARMAZA

We choose to make it happen, we said it will be something to work on, and we did all what we planned. In the moment of the last publication we sensed the opportunity for more publicity, and what happened? Uncontrolled and purely practical "party-like" behavior took over the country...
(radio news)

– How the hell it happened?

– Did you expect me to ask you forever to finish off your own taste in those "foreign" labels of justice? Did you really think, that we will let plague the nation with the currency of Brexit votes? Did you think I am as that extravagant?

– No, Gail, I really do not know what I thought, but what I heard was something I have

expected least, to be perfectly honest with you. They flabbergasted me with their cheerfulness, with their fragrance of international and pro-European scents – as if only they had the way to bewitch the people. I was fascinated with their sense of independence, and yet they showed me their re-sentiment without philosophy after crisis. I didn't expect it all to turn out to be this way, but hey, are we dying yet?

– You knew they won't care about exchanging their tears for nothing, you knew, that they are proud enough to demonstrate how much they planned it all, even if they didn't care for it – unbelievable! And you know what: I have enough of it all – I'm done with them. Let them know we are more than interested to not to proceed with their blaming games ... if there is anything to add here, it is going to be US not U.S.

The Scottish demanded to break through to their own way, in their long-term quest towards independence, and even London had to submit to the newest legislation as they did so, just before the 2014. Referendum after referendum didn't bring the answer they aimed for, and the Brexit approach only encouraged them to fight for what they truly deserve. London looked glamorous as usual: glittering shop windows, lately more organic and settle with pro-healthy attitude towards business making. Happy nitwits becoming more serious about fun making, even if no one else is ready to make the living out of the everyday life in the times of changes. Londoners, foreigners, visitors, and even bankers captured in the busy landscape of past, present and future. Artists with "no more bullshit" attitude and children already in the next decade – planning like mad: with and without sanity, queens and kings of tomorrow, entrepreneurs of their own destiny with grandparents at their side – not for party opportunities, but for wisdom and money oriented ventures. Galleries full of timeless artefacts, inviting the curious to see, to learn and eventually to break through to their own true meaning. Sense making and nonsense mixing on the pavement, as usual, just as if nothing happened, but still waiting for the frame to be made, and this time firmly – Brexit has it all ready on the go.

– Have you eaten yet? Look, veggie pie, "save the planet" goodies, cheese raps, burgers and fries – French style, Mexican and traditional roasts, oysters and sea hedgehogs, some Japanese crap, and Vietnamese spiciness getting along with Hindu tongue burns, oooooohhh, chop sticks, loooooook! How are we going to get this done this time?

– Put this paper down Gail, I am not hungry any more.

– Look, I didn't know they took me so seriously, I said, that I am sorry – it is not my fault, that the impresario took it all the wrong way, as usual, and probably too often, they claim benefits with money filling in their lap in a nice way. As usual, they are the content of the nation, and God forbid to disturb them in their fanatically and obsessively serious "me and the only way" mission. In moments like that, even the real Royal family talk nicely about them. Sooner or later we will all be diagnosed and the economical burden will blame the deserving for the black bill – and who's going to pay!?

– How on Earth are you going to earn your say Masai with all your lies? Do you really believe, that they are going to give in, after all what they have gone through so far? After sleepless nights, and days of humiliation with two faced "politeness" coming ahead to rescue their sense of morality. Do you really think, they will buy to this new agenda of forthcoming legal gossip directed by the people who do not like sunshine? Good God, Masai, how long are you going to pretend you are a foreigner?

– That's it! You're right, if it is going to be my own I AM to move along with my bullshit without the need of Polish bastards! That's it! I have enough: who do they think they are : geniuses of the century! Just because they had a chance to go to university and study hard for their future, just because they always have a circle of European friends to make it happen for them they think they can call themselves winners?! Just because they came into this country, after abandoning their families to what, to disturb our society with their higher degree diploma's, almost perfect elocution and sixth sense in business?! Oh, no, Gail, I take no more bullshit – let them take their own rubbish back to their "Green Island" financially wise, if they CAN. This is it, Masai and Gail, decided to abandon the Scottish holiday, and instead they booked a flight to Cracow.

– What actually do you know about Polish?

– Not much than the fact they drink vodka, swear all the time, and take over other's people jobs in a foreign country, why?

– Well, to be frank, I am much more concerned about your stigmatizing assumptions, than the fact you owe something to the Polish history. To be perfectly honest with you, I am more than unhappy to invade their country just to prove my very own ignorance. What did you expect from a middle-aged Londoner on the move to "nowhere", who does forget to vote properly when there

is a chance to do so? Do you really think I am going to make fun of myself eating "pierogi" in the land of "perfect cleaners" and "rustic builders"?

– OMG – you really think it is what they want to be known for? What about their racist attitude towards "lardy cakes" and lager? Don't you remember our latest encounter at the Polish shop? Two "perfectly incompetent" non-English language users, never to be mistakenly taken for "foreigners", assumed that I am quote: "Very nice English man to buy their fresh sausages of the day, specially promoted for me" – one day they will learn proper customer service.

– Typical, honestly, this is IT! Hahahaha! I cannot believe your racism, honestly to God. We British invited not the Polish just to have their vodka and sausages - and what? and polish cleaners! Listen to what you're saying Masai. You have been trying to unlock a true Polish nature by getting on Polish nerves for so long, that they finally learned how to not only avoid you, but what is more funny, to let you know, that you are not the only one who have dignity.

– This is it – and what do you expect me to say to them, huh? Do you think I am going to apologise them for not being Polish? Do you think, the Brexit means we ALL have to fight each other to death just because Teresa May established new order and Donald Tusk shook her hand?

– Come on, take it easy – as the Americans say – why don't you believe your say: make the money you need to spend in your very own way, but do not forget to tax it properly, because you know, there is justice in this world. In the end we are the right society to show others how to win our own piece of bread.

– OK, then, let's go and see, maybe we will learn something new, after all they disappeared from the world map three times - they must have a super gene! Anyway, I am entitled to choose my own holiday destination regardless of your semi-political rubbish.

– Bullshit!

– Or bullshit, as you wish.

* * *

Days became longer than nights. European sky fell over London landscape gently, and with all colors of the night life. The buzz on English streets calm down a little, whereas, family life boosted with confidence, celebrated new reality. Even homeless became more blue than ever. City foxes, the same ones, that used to play in the neighbourhood, kept appearing less

frequently, if not for the entertainment of the residents, than for their own playful and stubborn nature. There were no rats in the bushes, and the foxes didn't seem to care to scare the people off this rare green area. They were not magical at all, instead they looked as natural as possible to the eye of an observer. Sometimes, they were making too much noises, but then those who were interested in their habits, didn't mind their presence to the point of the lookout purposes. Some say, that only in the most lively neighbourhood city foxes became most daring. But who really knows, as the London fog can inspire people to fantasize about reality too much dreamily. Nature in London didn't suffer, just because of the socio-political shift – not something the anti-cultural fans would have had promoted. Even if, there was a no way to turn parks and small communal areas into classical English gardens, there was something called common sense, that is able to survive among the fake environmentalists. In the ever changing Britain, there is peace and love that even the city foxes can benefit from.

– Did you speak with Anna today?

– No, she is socially unavailable for the rest of the Brexit games, why?

– No, just asking, I do need a babysitter – my grandpa is not well again.

– I am really sorry for your loss, but why don't you try Eleanor, she is the best in town, and she cooks as a benefit. I am not sure about the cleaning as an extra, but there is always a chance. They say she doesn't have any more responsibilities these days, and is willing to care for a good amount of money.

– Brill, text me her telephone number, or is she on what-sap?

– No, I do not think so, she is a traditional carer, not so much savvy tech.

– Right, even better, my grandpa is all about stamps and black label records, they will find a common language.

– Really, I heard that your grandpa is very savvy, especially on those "anonymous" pages with lots of exes. Honestly man, you will never know and your grandpa will become a father again.

– Why don't you mind your own business and pass me the phone.

– Here: 79777365 and do not forget to add that you do not know me, I do not want to have anything to do with your "babysitting" business.

– Good! I'm off, see you later alligator, hehehe, or savvy beginner in senior babysitting.

– Why don't you be polite and shut up.

– Fine, be my guest, bye.

Afternoons were not so great at this time of the year, as the Brexit talk swarmed flats all over the country:

– Did you hear my lady swearing at that nitwit in the shop! I couldn't believe it, she was standing by the crisp shelves and doing absolutely nothing special, my lady came over and mistakenly became offending her for being too well dressed and probably too rich to stand by the crisp shelf. She said it is not her business to spy on the crisp factories in the UK and that she should get lost to spy in her own country.

– Jesus, that is real poor man, why on Earth did you let her out by herself.

– Her carer is not well again, they play the Brexit game with the locals, so I told my lady to show her what real Brexit means.

– So she did.

– That's right, because we ARE the best here, and they are here to just get on our nerves.

– Was she from Poland or Russia this time?

– Poland.

– I should expect this. Tell me, why do you hate Polish people? What did they do to you, because I do not get it man. Just because some politicians said so in the telly, you decided to wind your own disabled family member up to destroy the peace of a Polish citizen. Is it because you decided play the social justice game, and accuse them of being racist, just because you cannot deal with your own life properly, or because maybe it is the black Londoners have to triumph over white Eastern Europeans because Martin Luther said so?

– You are so stupid! Now you want to defend them, why? Did you fell in love with a Polish beauty, or maybe you would like to borrow some money from a Polish builder.

– No, just because I have been working with well educated Polish people for years, and I do believe, that for what you have done you will get a pretty legal ticket, rather than social respect. Let me tell you something now: you think, that just because they are not black and some of them do not have British passport you can treat them like crap? Honestly, look what you want do demonstrate to your community – let's offend Polish women and men and see what happens? No, I am afraid you only demonstrate your own frustration and anger, because your woman is disabled, and treated as a black maid all her life, and no one or not enough people stand up for

her. Why don't you stick to your own life and stop accusing others of your misunderstandings, things that went wrong and your broken dreams. In fact you break them every single time you disturb your own disabled woman for influences.

– Why don't you shut your fat white mouth!

– Typical, now I am the abuser, because I dare to think my own way.

– No, just because you do not see what I see.

– And what is there that you see, my friend, huh?

– I came into this land years ago, I sweated my pants off, broke my neck and never cried for any justice for myself. My wife decided to never complain after she got hurt in her former employment, but let me tell you something: I am not going to let her die just because some other "gentle ladies" have a temperature. My wife almost died nursing for British man, and in the end they gave her a box of chocolates she doesn't like and a postcard saying: "too bad you're leaving, we will try our best to replace you soon— love your team". I remember how much she cried when she heard her managers making fun of her behind her back, and just because she didn't care to go to university and always was ready to cover for another "gentle creature", she didn't care enough to care for her own health. She learned how to fight for herself "the wrong British way", and she decided to put up with all the crap people were ready to overflow her sensitive mind. She made friends with Polish, Russian, even Romanians, and they all were not shy about the rubbish they had to put up with. In time, they got used to it, they became the chorus of the "abusive system" and year after year more and more dependent on NHS.

– Don't you bullshit me with your political games and "racist talk" – look I am still black!

– Seriously? You think, you can say everything, and what? - The queen of England will give you a medal, for what?

– This is not your business what medals I am aiming for. By the way, Eleanor is not available any more – she had a car accident. They say it is drunk driving.

– God, is she okay?

– No, she's dead.

* * *

Mornings became fresh and icy. Bright sun exaggerating whiteness of the clouds in perfectly blue sky. Frosty leaves shimmering in the wind, as ephemeral as tree fairies, playing with grey squirrels to the sound of the neighbourhood. Distant noises of the past, on the BBC radio news coating all in the core of an everyday arguments.

- Did you wear you lucky pants for you first job interview in London?
- Ahhh, no, hehehe, I'd rather be too shy to do that, instead I decided to switch to the newest Primark fashion, as Marks & Spencer's seemed to be too Christmasy for the bartender job opportunity.
- Oh, great, so we see you are all ready to win the city with your outgoing appearance, brilliant!
And what was your best moment during that interview?
- The moment I received the job, and when they told me I am the sweetest male bartender of the day – I think the boss had a really good day.
- Congratulations mate! I am really proud of you, and we all wish you the very best luck in your city of London employment...

There were many other interlocutors that morning, and lots of fun to undertake, and yet some Londoners couldn't feel for youngsters beaming with happy attitude. While they were happy hopping on the career ladder, tired and ready for their retirement, non-radio enthusiasts were counting minutes till 5 pm on a Friday afternoon.

- Did you hear it? He's happy to not to wear Marks & Spencer's for the job opportunity, and my auntie keeps forcing knitted jumpers on me every bloody birthday. I can't stand them waiting for their "big employment" game.
- What? Waiting, on the contrary, they are "action people" and ready to serve every lovely pub manageress if necessary, just to stay one more year in London.
- Yeah, because the Brits have to take it all, and put up with all their sexiness.
- No way, I am not going to talk at work any more.
- Look, here she is – the iron woman of the bank system, the queen of my salary, the...

- What did you say Duncan? Do you want to see the queen of England or something, or maybe you have the report I asked you about an hour ago, ready in the newest IT format.
 - Absolutely, all done! And just before I will leave my work space I'd like to re-apply for an early retirement scheme. Please do find my formal letter in your crowded mailbox, it should be sitting somewhere there in between outings and summer holidays company PR letters.
 - I see. Your salary will not raise by the end of your employment unfortunately, please do not hesitate to contact senior management to reconcile this matter. Thank you very much and have a nice weekend guys!
 - That's it Duncan, look what you've done, and I was just about to invite you and your nitwit wife for a nice weekend in the countryside. Too bad, the queen of the salary is coming with me!
- Cheers mate!

* * *

Weekends didn't change much. Happy TV shows springing with laughter and entertainment fed well and with no remorse of the content making. People had to watch something, and there was always something to watch. Those with no passion for long hours at the front of the box were embedded in their phones, and those with more than one technological device were happy to abandon social activities, at least those who did not participate in the tax share. Students that used to kill for free alcohol became grass smokers – and their motto: get the certificate soon enough, and long before they will find out, that you are skiving for life. Serious learners could never succumb to those rules, and they have always had their own way. No matter how many times they were discouraged to "be who they really are" – just like Galileo - they observed and that is why they knew. Without independent thinking there was no progress in their world.

Maybe it was a way, but who didn't have a say did not have a way, or something like that. There were moments where educators had to begin sharing with their family photos, just to be accepted as a real human beings. What about novelty? Londoners, as a community of unrelated, yet very popular people, have been transforming their dynamic reality on many different levels, living through the destiny of the city, and the rest was lost in their dreams. Was it all the same with Brexit? Where interests interfering with culture clashes and social injustice?

- What do you say mum? Had you become an early sleeper from Sunday onwards?
- I said, I can be seated by the end of the sunny rewards, just as your teacher suggested! Hang on a minute, I am coming, one more second and I will fall asleep, finally – bloody hell, how many times I will ask for some piece of mind when I am sinking in the bathtub. Oh, well, I suppose there is little to say when a mother wants to believe in her own independence, once in a while, with or without a glass of wine, straight after dinner, apologise, the supper, for all the family life and forever, Amen.
- Mmmmmmm! Are we going out to see Margaret?! She texted me from the hospital, and she is not happy with the pillows...God woman, what are you complaining about again? I have just raised you some money socially and lost my reputation among beggars. No Margaret, not a crocodile, maybe a hippo? ... text...text....text...
- In the meantime, the bathtub is reeeeeaaaaaly nice, and I don't care, honestly to God, I am going to let myself melt for my own pleasures of the bubble bath...this is it...that's it...and I am happy to blow bubbles forever ...I didn't expect myself to say that, but I did, and I am happy...lalalala...nothing else matters...
- Look Margaret, we have been friends since our mothers pregnancies, and you know, there is no chance I am going to cover for your social media holiday all the time – you have to say something straight from the hospital bed, who knows, maybe you will die tomorrow and your teachers will never know how much you hated their lack of interest in your Asperger's Syndrome. Come on, be a hero of your destiny...what? You are done with being Asperger's? What about other diseases? ... What? It is not a disease, what it is then? Oh, just a fashion - this is it Margaret, I knew it was something wrong with you. Why didn't you tell me it was just your acting period, and that we will have to split for your next hospital venture? Ah, best friends are seen as persona not grata? What on earth have you been eating in this canteen, Margaret! And do not blame NHS for your lack of popularity...oh no, I am done with this situation. You are right Margaret, I am going away with my mother, and I will not have time for babysitting for you at your death bed. You will have to ask Lady Gaga to Skype with you, I am afraid, because I do not like royal blue any more...goodbye!
- What now? Sometimes I am really sorry for myself – going through all alone, and with my crazy daughter, who claims to be a genius and not a nitwit, is too much for my managerial existence. I can hear it all, but I will not respond to it, oh, no, it is better to let it happen, let it all

go... at least it is what my psychiatrist said to me the other day: "Let your daughter be happy with all what she cares about, and do not worry too much, XXI century teenagers know it all, and will entrepreneur for their own vulnerable parents and their own friends in the new way, if not through social media then via something they will never keep up with themselves". Even my dead husband would have never agreed with that rubbish.

– Mum, I am ready to go with you and your new male fascination - Margaret decided to die in hospital, and I do not have to worry about her funeral any more. When do we pack our bags?

– Tomorrow sweetie, let's pack tomorrow...

Countryside looked magical. Silence marked green space with its freshness and glory of the season. Birds describing horizon with the shape of their motion, visible only by the poetic mind of the passer by. Heart-warming melody of their flapping wings and the cheerful squicking of the little ones waking up at dawn. Emptiness walking with its full range of opportunities, embodied in every one who dares to dream. Different reality, the same reality, and not at all abiding with future, before and after metaphysics of the present. Sheep, grass, trees: all statically presented to the newcomers, because some oldies forgotten the song of their own land. Was it necessary to build artificial world, full of artificial opportunities, with artificial dreams? What about natural world?

– Helen...not responding...Helen...not responding...Helen...not responding... are you there?

– Why did you leave me Helen? - Our life was honest. We made it with no regrets. We raised no complaints, but we did argue when necessary. We had friends. We had a family. We lived among good people, and we did know what to expect from one another. We made it to the top. We cared for our grandchildren. We did not perish for nothing when we had to mourn for others. Did we? Did we know then, what we are today? Do you remember Helen? Do you hear me...? My son...I

mean...our son is coming soon to visit. Are you still asleep? I am not going to knock...

– Whispering, he begun whispering to me, after 55 years of marriage he begun to whisper...oh

dear, I guess the first frost is still glittering in the garden, and I am still steaming in my bed...shall I get up, or maybe lay down for another hour....let me see. No, I am done with it! I'm coming Mark...let me be your daisy, let me be your lady, let me be your parlour

beauty...lalalala...ohhh, I really do feel silly and I am not shy about it any more...this is it...that's

it...this is it...

* * *

Landlines are not busy...we expect no interruptions as you land upon the line to amuse us with your true story...let it happen today... beware of our presence and your witty, wicked, wild sense of humor...take a chance and play hard to be the one we need ... today is tomorrow....London makes it all for those who see Brexit through their own glasses....be our guest...take upon the word quest...

- Let me introduce our next guest : Mark from the countryside, who fell in love with his beautiful wife Helen 55 years ago. They are one of those Brits who believe in success and hard work, they live together in a lovely cottage house and they do not own a dog. They admire deers and do not hunt wild hers – oh, sorry, there are no hers there, but still they would have never hunted a single furry fellow of the countryside near the forest.
- Mark, tell us please why did you decide to take your chance in our radio word game with Brexit filling.
- Oh, yes, Good morning everyone, I am pleased to have a chance to participate in your Brexit word game for fun, as in the end I am a wealthy retired Englishman, who does have a sense of humour.
- Brilliant Mark, I see you have a very good reason to pass your time with us. So, Mark, let me begin with the first question in our morning Brexit word game: what is the name of the well known public figure, than begun the Brexit. Let me just add, that back in the 2014 there was only one red face who didn't shy away from labouring towards success of the nation?
- Was it the Sugar?
- Mark, are you answering or hesitating?
- I am answering.
- Okay then, what is the first name of the Sugar public figure?
- Allan.
- That's it! Well done Mark, it was indeed Allan Sugar, and you gained 100 pounds with this correct answer.

– Great!

– Brilliant, Mark, let me read you next question in your radio Brexit word game, are you ready to receive?

– Yes, perfectly fine all dandy are ready!

– Great Mark, now, the next question is: how many countries, excluding the UK, are going to shape the European Union after Brexit?

– ...

* * *

Weekly news became more and more specific. Random information first detailed with politics, then sliced with the weather, discussions triggered by the morning conversations, and sport with records made fresh from the Olympic Stadium, all that, and with cheap entertainment of the day – some places can serve the right social game, especially if the whole nation is watching. Wrong doers passing by the right winners, blue minds with red hearts, pale faces, big heads and modest people, those who can, and are able to live by the rules of their own conscious, singers loaded with verses, poets with books still to be written, money makers with purpose to make money, buyers, sellers, losers and those who try, news fans and lawyers, academics and poverty heads, persons, that allow justice to happen for them, and those who make it by the end of the day, the never believers that mock with sacred-free language, culture fighters, and peaceful citizens wanting to make peace with their non invasive selves, trouble makers, the taxi drivers and tax payers, people who are here just to visit, and people who are here just to not to see anything but their own salary, handmade artists, and artists who have nothing to do with handling dignity, doctors who heal and scams who pretend to help, socially accepted and socially available, tolerant and dishonest, open minded and too much to handle, rebels, beggars, loners, and looneys that made it to the public cubicle without being noticed, popular, those who do not wish to be the topic of gossip, engineers, opticians...and all that perceive ... see the difference ... what do you see?

– It's boring. Honestly, they will never buy it. In fact I have already got over the fact, that I am out and independent. What else do you want? A book? Off course, I am ready to showcase your work. Yes, I am aware, that we have little time to close the deal. I heard the news, no, I am not

afraid. Let them know, that I will be there, and with the speech, all ready, well, almost – my favorite painting is going to be a nicely framed photograph, you will see... Library lights opened up the space smoothly. Library floor planned for wandering around was still silent, just before its users appearance. Books were waiting - the British Library had it all ready for knowing more. –

Excuse me, is there free Wi-Fi on this floor? – Sorry, I'm not from London. – Right, oh well, maybe there is...

– There you are, go to this desk and ask for a password, but you won't get it unless you are a member. – A member? Oh, right, thanks, I'll do.

– No problem, don't do anything aloud and you'll pass. – Right...wicked...

* * *

Ocean experience: waves fighting against the wind and rain. Storm ranging in the line of nearly non existent horizon. Furious water, or water disturbed by the over-flooded land, there still must be something underneath. Sandy platforms, clattering depths only to cause disaster. In certain ethnic groups, some people used to believe, that natural catastrophes are punishment for disobedience. Those mystical creatures, legendary heroes, coined throughout the history of cultural thought were seen as the ultimate power makers with no mercy for the justified. According to Homeric creatures from Hellenistic land, not chosen against common sense, but emotive inversions of their bursting embodied souls. Some were so sure in damaging cursed societies, that no half God was able to stop their range. All in the name of emotionally charged judgements, flamed with passion to destroy and forget. Even Poseidon was not enough cunning to stop his own anger until all was dead. According to "The First Poets" quote:

"Poseidon he is free to urge the Argives on, even to triumph, until Zeus wakes. The battle that resumes is horribly heightened after this powerful romantic interlude. It is as though Hector is pitted as an equal against Poseidon himself. Ajax wounds him with a stone; he is only just rescued from the fray and laid down by the Xanthus, where he recovers. There are deaths, and cries, of brutal triumph, in contrast with the divine coition. In the next book Hector kills Patroclus and Troy's fate is sealed."

– Could I say I am in love with you?

- No, I am not interested in any additional work this month, thank you very much. What happened, your wife has no mercy in the kitchen again?
- Fine, I will ask Janet to do it if you are too off by the way I approach the staff.
- Very well, you can do it all with Janet, and do not forget to claim extra benefits by the end of this month. They are to adjust new schedule for the team of the year.
- Great, I nearly forgot the winning names, but never mind, Janet has the table with resources.
 - Could you at least pass me the latest numbers?
 - I did not receive yet, they should be done tomorrow.
- Fine with me – by the way, if you'd like to pop in to mine and Jerry's you are always welcome. I am not offended by your "politeness" at work.
 - Never mind, I really cannot help you this time, ask Janet.
 - And I will...never mind...
 - fine...
 - fine...

Popularity has it, that once you know the name it should stand alone in the ocean of people, crowded with dreamers who live for what they can catch upon the clouds. The best part of it is what they want from you when you ARE truly popular. Well, they usually want you, and then eventually your money – in short. Oh, hang on, I almost forgot: what they really want is your attention. This is it! They want you to dedicate your focused interest to them, their being[s], and then they want you to give away all you possess, namely : privacy, health and what? More money – at least according to the Bloomberg predictions: the more popular currency the more interest rates are boosting confidence of the share holders. They need it, they want it, and they have it all, as long as they know what it takes to make it in the moment. Peaks are different from spikes, and inaccuracy deflate future within seconds. From the scene: If you all are sitting, and already happy tipsy with this purest pleasure, sponsored by the best pro-alcoholic drinks & brewery company of the year, let me present you with the poetry selection of the month, read by the author. Please do not get discouraged by the not so great quality of the recording , Ladies and Gentlemen let us listen to Delmore Schwartz: „The heavy bear who goes with me, A manifold honey to smear his face, Clumsy and lumbering here and there, The central ton of every place, The hungry beating brutish one In love with candy, anger, and sleep, Crazy

factotum, dishevelled all, Climbs the building, kicks the football, Boxes his brother in the hate-ridden city (...)"

"THE VIEW WAS A MISS"

KAROLINA (KALA) KARMAZA

...some might say, that we did dream it all - I heard it from behind my back more than once. Some might dream, that we did not know what it takes to live in a place that thrives with diversity and still have many stereotypes to be broken in favour with the everyday "real mundane" – I heard from above my head more than twice. Finally, some might seem to be not patient enough to realize their own misunderstandings caused by culture clashes, that we deal with on a daily basis... Thoughts were floating above each head circling around each mind, and in between the lines of obvious conversations, that could be heard in the open space of „the Museum“. - It is always there, isn't it? – woman from the entrance hall was gathering her group of tourists listening to her with curious attention – in places that become cultural spaces filled with anthropological and historical meaning, that we all can make sense of in our own way, we do learn most. Let me draw your attention to a wide collection of artefacts representing cultural depth of many different regions of the world, especially our own meaningful cultural space celebrating the roots of our history and culture. The entrance hall was cool, and yet very sunny.

According to the British BBC radio weather forecast in London has always been very unpredictable when it comes to organizing outdoor events. As the rain begun with sudden thunderstorms, knocking at the roof of the building, tourists and their guides broke through to their own excited amazement: – OMG! - begun young American in a blue dress - my heart jumped into my throat, Jesus, my mother was right about England, I should have bought that waterproof cap for this trip. – Are you okay? – asked her mother standing by the coffee machine – you want some coffee? – No, thanks mum, I'm okay, maybe just some soda please. I will never believe next year I said this, I am on a sugar free diet – the soda drinker smiled. – I'm trying my best hunny to not to overdo this pleasure, and this liquid looks sooo goood – woman with two

cups, one with sugar free latte and fat free cream for herself, and the other with full flavor soda with pink straw tucked into transparent cup showing off with all the bubbles and fizziness that can be noticed. – You know what – said a fizzy drink drinker, I love you for this, and I am going to tell my shrink all about your kindness, thanks mum. – No problem sweetie, I am going to change my last will specially for you straight away after the trip is over. Your father and I decided, that you deserve a very good living, plus you are healthy, and this is what matters most. – I love you mum – said the fizzy drink drinker. – I love you too hunny – said her mother. The thunderstorm was over within 10 minutes. Groups of tourists were moving from one floor to another in synchronized turns. As the building was filling in with more and more people, the museum air was getting more and more stuffy. „Pleasure liquids“, crisps, chocolate muffins, muffins with raisins, blueberry ones and almondy cakes, along with scents belonging to international brands and scents with no recognition. The viewers were walking, listening, getting to know more and more about the cultural and historical roots belonging to the world full of artefacts, that made sense to all of them in a different way.

– Have you seen „The book“ – said a man to his friend – I used to read it all the time when I was at university. My main interest in the beginning of my law studies.

– Oh, yes, I remember reading it some time ago too – one of my interests at university when I was trying to figure out what to write about in my second academic publication.

– Nice – I didn't know that, you always seemed very mysterious about your library list, and now look at us, we're standing here together looking at the original and we have a nice dinner in a pub in our evening perspective. – What a life mate – said a friend – and what about your wife, is she still in the hospital? – I am afraid Marry will not going to join us today. She's out, but still a little bit weak, so we can meet out for the whole evening if that's OK with you? – Right, well, very well. That's nice to hear she's getting better, send her my love and from my Ann too – he took out a little envelope from his jumper pocket and gave it to a friend - she insisted I will pass you over a little card for Marry.

– Oh, thank you very much – said Marry's husband – it's really nice of you and Ann, I am sure Marry will be delighted. Tell Ann we both are very moved. Maybe we could meet in a while for dinner, when times will be less rough? – Sure, not at all mate, anytime you're ready, anytime.

...some say, that in the very beginning of meaning and sense making, in the stone age, when first humans were beginning to use first tools, just as well as the craft of language usage, first symbols were gradually appearing on the cave walls. Each one of them represented different situation, and each situation was related to a different name and meaning, that made sense to those who were communicating a story in a symbolic way. As anthropological research has been demonstrating everyday usage of symbols begun with a need to communicate with more than noisy sounds, and yet it is still not completely understood how much we do rely on the sound with or/and without its image representation...

The view on the garden was blocked with parlour tents, where entrepreneurs were inviting visitors of the Museum and Londoners, that are into modern technology and image making with potential to transform symbolic value in the fashion industry.

– I cannot see anything – whispered brown eyed girl into her twin brother – I wish they moved this blockage a little – she was standing on top of her toes and in the same time trying to find a balance in this uncomfortable position almost without support of her brother's shoulder. – I wish you'd better made a move to the next floor, our guide is vanishing, quick! Twin brother suddenly run away from the pressure of his sister's hand. The girl didn't make any sound as she twirled around in her favourite ballerina move, reminding herself of all the dance lessons she was practising since before the trip to London.

...we might notice, that after a while symbolic communication was more and more superficial, especially in ethnic groups that were learning and developing from more than one culture. In this complex interrelation of ideas, images, sounds and artwork created over the centuries, language and its connotations contain so many meaningful names and terms to describe reality, that we can always choose something that relates best to our own...

WINTER DREAM

KAROLINA (KALA) KARMAZA

Inside the hut was clean enough to bake bread. There was warm enough to sleep without socks. There was enough space for logs from the nearby forest, where paths and horses bring in sense of adventure. Humans, just like myself and you, were able to see the Sun through green leaves. On top of deep and calm forest, in the air that is visible to a curious mind, and everywhere where you can feel the world's best tones and colours, there we can see our horizon... The land was cold and scruffy. Steps were heavy under the fresh snow. Icy air in my lungs were penetrating each free space inside my body – microelements, irregular in shape and yet corresponding with the whole shape in oval cells: blue with water and red with blood, with some green air inside each bubble of colorful scent – just like a sugar cube ready to be licked before eating dinner or when having a bad day. Sweet taste of sensed elements tuned in with wind bringing in new tones, were creative enough to be taken for granted as "Dreamy Land". I heard once of its dark past, and I could believe, that it still existed in such a peaceful space. They said, that it had no chances for making it to the top of the forest. They doubted its strength, as if they already knew what is going to damage its nature. Some too curious were courageous enough to meet its past in their dreams, some others were thankful, that they never had a chance to face its honest gaze. I saw IT more than once, and since the very first time I never doubted its existence. I remember the moment of getting into "the Dream" as I was standing alone in the middle of nowhere, in the center of my senses: my feet knew the temperature under the surface of the skin, pulsing with blood, sticky and warm like a honey. My Self was melting in the elements of the cold air and my hair was glowing with sunlight – I saw myself in orange and yellow and ochre and white and.... and then I saw a bird: red, pink, black and white with blue spots. It appeared from the East side of the hut. Just as usual, when there was no one else to notice it but myself. It was coming back every now and then, each day with different frames – I noticed that the animal was hungry most of the time, and that is why I decided to feed it. One day I gave it my bread baked on the day, and before I wanted to share it, it got closer to the loaf I was holding in my hands. It was beautifully organized, just like it knew I am going to check its feathers. I could see each separate one in the best light, from the East side of the corner of my Winter Dream hut, and it knew I will be eating. The bird was startling above the loaf for a moment, then it sat on top of it and begun watching his reflections in my eyes. It was moving its head from left to right and its beak was opening and closing without a sound. Then the bird suddenly hit the skin of the bread with the speed accelerating molecules around and above it. It was very

confident and very hungry. After a while the bird was heavy and the bread was melting in its stomach very quickly. It flew away the moment it swallowed the last bit of my bread. Ours from that moment I wandered many times how long it takes to bring back a memory of a moment it is shared with another being. Some say it takes a flash, and others know it lasts forever to synchronize with the energy of another creature. Humans happen to last forever in their own gazes only when they are in love, and what about moments shared with no emotions? The path was full of snow and my feet were getting colder and colder with each step I was taking on my way to the warm hut. Walking barefoot got me into trouble only once, when I didn't realize how cold it really was. My toes were ready for being frozen on the snowy road to the backforest, and that meant only one thing – no more walking. It was too early to notice another walker, and eventually ask for help. I was getting colder and colder, and my friend was too far away to hear my voice through the space covered with too much snow – it worked as a cover for the sound, and my voice was not strong enough to be reached by my friend's ears. The road was getting longer and longer and I had very little time to keep up with my plan I prepared to myself before I set on the trip. I realized very quickly, that even the snow had limited version of itself. In the very cold temperature there is only the melting experience ahead when it comes to making an impact in the "Sun after Sun future" – and I knew it from before. Warm, hot, melting, icy-not, coming ahead with little bit more sunny bits, from East to West, from South to North, from the mind into enactive embodied experience of the Self, and it could never be reached without senses. Feelings were being formulated without a hint of a note or/ and known emotion, and I was conscious of it. IT had a sound, taste, shape, colour and all the moments of sunny impact a mind can embody into its very own reality. No, it wasn't anything like weather, and yes, it was phenomenal. The hut was spacious. It was made into an open plan, crafted with the latest technology from MIT Labs and ready to be adapted to the tall figure sculpture, to be created very soon. Logs were in the fireplace, burning slowly, smell and sound was heartwarming – the humming in the backyard of my first garden was full of echoed notes straight from the inside. IT came around in a cloud without a reason to stop playing in between spaces. It was new to me how to adapt paint I made by myself into the type of wood prepared earlier to be carved. Technically speaking I got inspired not only by the colour, that the sculpture was to be painted. There was a new catalogue from New York about the future of architecture in the open forest spaces, that I found in the entrance of the hut – my friend left it for me there when I was away,

working in one of my ART studio's. It had a very interesting poem printed on its cover, that left me standing and gazing into distant horizon before I went back to my carving routine. When was reading it it all made suddenly sense to me:

„Sun after Sun future"

Wonderful was the time when it came into my mind
as if no clue was there to be found,
as if there was nothing to be created between the lines,
Great was a sound, that I heard with meaning aloud
as if there was all to be heard,
as if no misunderstanding was there to be made.

Sun after Sun – in the future, in the
In many dreamed dreams and plans
as if no ignorance was there to be known
as if there was nothing to be disregarded for "the new"
Great was a sound, that I heard with meaning aloud
as if there was all to be heard,
as if stereotypes were not important in the future of the world.

Sun after Sun future made it all
possible in my mind, as if I created it a bubble
creative, full of stories and in line with my own
heart...

